

SHADOWS AND REALITIES

SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. A. D. KINNETT THE EVENING OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM MARSHALL.

TEXT—Hab. 11:9-10.—By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed to go out into a place which he knew not for an inheritance; and he went. By faith he became a sojourner in the land of promise, as in a land not his own, dwelling in tents, with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise. For he looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

When God spoke to Abraham in the long ago, saying, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee," I feel sure that Abraham in the final analysis was not looking primarily for the land of Palestine upon whose hills and in whose valleys his cattle could graze and increase in number. Neither was he looking for a glorious and majestic kingdom such as the one of David and Solomon that so enriches the pages of sacred Scriptures. But rather through his prophetic eyes, was he looking up and out beyond the material things of life, to that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, whose builder and maker is God man's substantial and eternal home. My subject divides itself into parts—the things that pass away and the things that abide.

The Things That Pass Away

There is nothing that is permanent, substantial, and fixed in this life. Nature herself refuses to wear her same costume more than a single season, though it be bedecked with various colors of radiant beauty. The roses, each petal tinged with maiden-like blushes; the violets of blue; and the lilies, too beautiful to be described; and the trailing vines of the morning glory, together with all the growing plants of the nature world, address themselves in order that they may redress with more attractive and beautiful garments than before. Mother earth is ever mingling her elements of ingredients, thus placing upon her bosom in orderly form the red ruby, the white pearl, the cluster of diamonds, the crystal topaz, and others as she needs them. And through her mixing processes she is ever forming mines of coal and iron and silver and gold.

As changes come in nature, so in nations. Nations have risen and fallen, and their glories would not have been known were it not for some kind and skillful hand that has recorded their achievements. The kingdom of David and Solomon that was established with so much pomp and glory is recorded only by history and the sacred Scriptures. And Greece arose, astonishing the world with her art and philosophy. She surpassed all nations with her aesthetic sculpture and painting, and left the only vocabulary of language adequate to transmit to the world the life and gospel of Jesus of Nazareth. And there was Rome, the city of seven hills, which ruled the world; upon whose highways the civilization of nations traveled. But the glory of that Rome is gone and only history is left to tell of her splendor.

Not alone in nature and among nations do changes come; but we meet in this life friends who disappoint us, in whom we have the utmost confidence. Sometimes a father is unfaithful to his son; a son to his father; a mother to a daughter; a daughter to a mother; a friend to a friend; a husband to wife; wife to husband. An old man came to me not long ago and told me this very sad story: "My wife has proved untrue to me. For twenty-four years we have been bosom friends, companions. My life has been here and here mine. She is the mother of my children. We have lived together in the dark hours and have enjoyed the bright ones. Our joy and happiness were shared alike with one another and the children. We have a sweet daughter, just 18, away in school; and our oldest boy in the business world making a splendid record for himself. And both of them love daddy and mother and believe in us with a freshness and simplicity of faith. They do not know about the unfaithfulness of mother, and I must tell them of her unfaithful life." Tears flooded the old gentleman's eyes when he said, "The woman of my heart has proved false and untrue to me and the children. My home is wrecked, my children are disgraced, and my heart is broken in my old days." I told him of the love of Jesus and how Jesus could make the darkest hours bright and turn his bitter experiences of his into a spiritual blessing. The stately old gentleman replied to me, "If I had not been for the love of God and His grace in my heart, I could not have endured my trouble."

We may not be able to understand why God will permit these sad and black experiences to come into our lives. But we may rest assured that they are for our good, even though they may come to us by the way of the sinful hand. Remember that God's all-encircling arm is around his children and that nothing can come

to them that is not for their good. Though you may not be able to understand now, some day you will know and understand.

Even though our mothers and fathers may prove true all the way to the end of life, yet they must tell us good-bye. Death will soon take them away and leave us lonely in the world. A true mother will make every sacrifice for the comfort of her children, but her arm is short and can only reach to supply our earthly needs. Our brothers and sisters and friends may prove faithful and true, but they too must take their turn in the silent halls of death and soon become mixed forever with the elements of the sluggish clod, to be a brother with the insensible rock. I stood the other day before the open casket of one of my fellow ministers. As I looked into his cold, white face, and thought of how young he was, what a useful life he might have lived, I was deeply impressed as never before with the uncertainty of this life and the things of this world.

It is not infrequent that we hear older people talking of how things used to be around the old home; how mother would tuck them in their little trundle bed at night and kiss the tired brow to sleep; how the old-barn looker and how the chickens would gather around the door at night as the stock were being fed; how the old trees and other familiar objects about the yard looked; how big brother drove the cows home at night. But, oh, these days are gone forever. Father sleeps in the little cemetery on the hill, and mother rests by his side. Brothers and sisters are separated; one lives in one place and one in another. They haven't seen each other perhaps in years. Ah! Things are so different, they say, around home now.

Not long ago, after an absence of seventeen years, I went back to my old country home where I was born. I could hardly recognize the place where I used to sing and play and cry around mother's knee. The old stables had fallen down. The wood that stood near the house had been cleared away. Many old familiar trees that had stood in the yard were cut down. Changes everywhere were obvious. The place was so different it did not seem like home any more. Daddy was not there to love me in his arms as he used to, and grandmother was not there. The neighbors had moved away and many of them were dead—they were gone. Some of them rested in their respective tombs near the fields where they labored, under the blue sky and sweet dowers.

So we feel, friends, as we analyze the things of this world that there is nothing sure and abiding. Truly the world's goods, possessions, pleasures, and happiness, are transitory and must pass away. This world is not a man's home. The Master said, "A man's life consisteth not of the abundance of things which he possesseth." This physical life, these material things that we handle and feel and strive for and sometimes sell our souls for, will soon slip away, and our naked souls will stand before God the Father to be judged according to the deeds done in the body.

The Things That Abide

Let us turn now from the things that pass away to the things that abide. The cry of the human soul is for assurance; for something that will not fail. Consider the man who enters business of any kind. He wants to know before he invests his money whether or not that business will pay enough to justify his investment. He wants assurance that that business will not fail.

The nations of the earth in their diplomatic relations with each other want certain guarantees that will assure them that if any misunderstanding arises between them they can depend upon the promises made to each other. And so it is in all human relationships—assurance is asked for. If assurance is asked for in business and in personal relationships between man and man in this present life, isn't it superlative important for the soul to have perfect assurance in Jesus Christ, the Rock of Ages, whom we know right is life eternal, who teaches man that He is the only bridge that spans the chasm between this life and the one to come and lands them safely into the haven of rest, the heavenly home. This assurance of eternal life beyond this vale of tears may be had by one and all. The poor and the rich, the bond and the free may alike come and drink freely at the fountain of life. The whole world is invited to come, if he nothing can keep anyone away if he wills to come. Jesus said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

The first thing, then, that the sinner must do is to come to Christ. His yearning and bleeding heart bids you to come today, O sinner, and give your life to Him. Arise like the prodigal son of long ago who became tired of the paths of sin and of want, and came back to the Father's house. The Master only wants you to give up those things that will ruin your character and damn your immortal soul. If you will come to Him with a penitent heart, He will not turn you away. The moment that you take children and that nothing can come

MRS. HOOVER TURNS BRICKLAYER



Mrs. Herbert Hoover, wife of the Secretary of Commerce in President Coolidge's cabinet, is shown laying the cornerstone for the model home being erected by Better Homes in America organization at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, in Philadelphia, June 1 to December 1 to celebrate 150 years of American Independence. Opposite Mrs. Hoover stands Mrs. Vance McCormick of Harrisburg. The Girl Scouts grouped around the women will operate the house.

moment will He record your name in the Book of Life, and then and there you are assured of eternal life beyond peradventure. Jesus said, "And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish. Neither shall any pluck them out of my hand; my Father which giveth them is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." The Apostle Paul reiterated this inseparable relationship to the Father when he said, "For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." O friends, this is perfect assurance, this eternal relationship with God the Father, through Jesus Christ, by faith and acceptance on our part, can never be broken. The religion of Christ is

everything to man, the only sure anchor of his hopes, the only thing that can explain the universe and man's existence in it. Christianity teaches that men are not made for this world. We are pilgrims journeying on toward

Mothers—If you wanted to go fishing, why didn't you come and ask me first?"

Tommy—"Because I wanted to go fishing."

Ephraim Walker Jones, colored, had by due process of law, been hanged in Florida. His funeral was being preached by a Kentucky negro who had known Ephraim since childhood.

"Brethren," said the preacher, "you all have come to pay your last respects to the deceased Brother Jones. This brother was bred and born in Kentucky, where he grew to manhood; he later gravitated to Tennessee; then Alabama; then Ga., and at last to Florida, where he met, wed and killed his wife. This is the crime he has just paid for. Brethren and Sisters, this deceased brother is now in hell, and the only consolation I can offer the sorrowing relatives, is that he went there gradually."

SOME POINTERS ON TOBACCO CULTURE

By E. Y. FLOYD, (Tobacco Specialist, North Carolina State College.)

The cultivation of tobacco should begin just as soon as the plant begins to grow, usually about ten days or two weeks after transplanting. In dry weather, it is necessary for the plant to have a better root system than when the season is good. For the first working, while the plants are still small, a three-tooth harrow may be used, and as the plants grow, use the sweep and turn-plow. These will help to add soil as needed to keep the plants taking new roots. At each plowing open the middle. This will take more plowing, but even if it is a dry season, the tobacco will grow better and if it is an extremely wet season, draining the rows in this way will be the means of saving the crop from drowning. Tobacco should be cultivated every ten days if possible, to get the best results, and the last cultivation should come a few days before topping the soil and the soil place well up around the stalks.

—From News & Observer.

WHERE THERE WAS NOTHING DOING

When Mark Twain in his early days was the editor of a Missouri paper, a superstitious subscriber wrote to him saying that he had found a spider in his paper and asking whether that was a sign of good luck or bad. The humorist wrote him this, and he printed it:

"Old Subscriber: Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so he can go to that store, spin his web over the door, and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward."

—World's Best Humor.

Transfusion of blood from a well driven by his own heart action into a patient has recently been simplified by the use of a tiny electric pump, whereby the former double operation of extraction and infusion is reduced to a single process of pumping blood directly from one person to the other.

The new equipment consists of a small electric motor, a syringe and a ball-and-socket arrangement. Hollow needles are inserted into the arm veins of the blood giver and the recipient. Blood from the donor is

FOR SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Edwin, with blouse torn and face and hands generously covered with soil, ran breathlessly toward his pretty young mother, who in crisp daintiness of fresh summer attire, sat on the hotel porch embroidering.

"Oh mother!" he cried, "they're digging a well near the stable and it's more fun! May I go barefoot?"

"You look disgraceful enough already," said his mother, as she carefully drew her white duck skirt away from his rather muddy shoes. "I am ashamed of you. There's no use of buying anything nice for you to wear. That handsome blue linen blouse is ruined. How did you tear it?"

"I was climbing a little way on the windmill. I'm sorry, mother," was the meek reply; "but mayn't I please go barefoot?"

"I suppose so; but don't come near me—I don't like pigs." She turned from the disheveled little fellow in disgust, and he walked away, all his eager buoyancy departed.

"Wasn't he a sight?" she said to the elderly woman near her. "Do you blame me for being annoyed?"

"Since you asked me, my dear, I must admit that I do." The old lady said in her gentle manner, but the boy's mother flushed under the mild gaze. "I was sorry that you sent your son away feeling that he was in high disfavor. One can't expect healthy little boys to stay clean in the country, and clothes will wear now and then."

"I wish my son would be a gentleman," said the mother coldly, as she took up her fancy work and set her needles in precisely. For a few moments nothing was said, and then the elderly woman softly touched the hand of the mother.

"May I tell you a little story?" she asked.

"Why, yes, certainly."

"I used to have very little patience with my little son when he would soil or muss his clothes, and I would often scold or punish him for being careless. Now, when I remember his baby cheeks streaked with dirt over which had coursed the tears that my harshness had caused, my arms ache to hold him, and I long to ask his forgiveness."

"He was a mean little fellow, and he did try to please me; but one can't expect perfection of a four-year-old."

Late one afternoon he came in almost completely covered with mud. He had been sailing a tiny ship in a puddle in the yard. I was heartily ashamed of him, and I told him in no uncertain terms what I thought of his appearance, and I put him to bed as a punishment. When he finished his usual evening prayer, he added, 'And dear Dad, make me a good boy if you possibly can.' I smiled, for I thought my severity was having its effect, and the pathos of the petition which had wrung my heart ever since, didn't touch me then.

"It was twelve that night when a croupy cough startled me from my sleep and at three o'clock in the morning the doctor who had worked over my boy for two hours, told me that there was no hope. I took my darling in my arms, and choking back my sobs, told him as best I could that he was going to heaven. 'I isn't dood enough,' he gasped. That was the end. My baby, my only baby went from me feeling that he was not worthy to enter the home where little children are so lovingly bidden."

Two frail old hands were suddenly clasped in two strong ones, and eyes whose tears were long since shed looked kindly into those that were now overflowing.

"I didn't mean to make you cry, dear. I just wished to help you—to help you understand your little son."

"You have helped me. Come with me, won't you? I wish to find him and kiss him, dirt and all."—The Advance.

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